



AND

Weekly Register.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1804.

*Friendship put to the Test.*

From the French of MARMONTEL.

[translated by a young lady.]

(continued)

YOU may have read a description of the surprizes and different emotions of a stranger to whom every thing is new: Corally experienced all these emotions: but a happy facility of apprehending and comprehending every thing, anticipated the pains that were taken in her education. Understanding, great talents, and the graces, were innate in her; there needed only the trouble of developing them by an easy culture. She was on the verge of sixteen, and Blandford was going to marry her, when death robbed him of his mother. Corally mourned for her as much as if she had been her own, and the pains she took to console Blandford affected him deeply. But during the mourning, which retarded their nuptials, he received orders to embark for some new expedition. He went to see Nelson, but not to make him a confidant of his sorrow in leaving the young Indian; Nelson would have made him blush if he had; but of his concern on leaving her alone in a strange country. "If my mother were living, she would have taken care of her; but misfortune, which seems to persecute this orphan, has deprived her of her only support."—"Hast thou then forgot that I have a sister, and that my house is your's?"

"Ah Nelson," replied Blandford, fixing his eyes upon him, "if you knew the value of the deposit, that I were to trust you with!"

At these words, Nelson smiled disdainfully, "This concern," said he, "is a very great compliment to us both! thou canst not trust me with a woman!" Blandford was amazed, confused, and blushed.—"Pardon me my weakness, it has made me suspect a danger, where thy virtue can find none. I have judged of thy heart by my own, and my apprehension makes me look little in my own eyes. Let us wave the subject. I shall go perfectly easy, in leaving the deposit of love in the care of friendship. But my dear Nelson, if I should die, can I request thee to take my place?" "Yes, that of a father, I promise you I will, but ask no more." "That is enough; nothing now retards my intended voyage."

The *adieu* of Corally and Blandford were mingled with tears; but the tears of Corally were not those of love. A lively gratitude, a respectful friendship were the tenderest sentiments that Blandford had inspired her with. Her susceptibility was yet unknown to her; the dangerous development was reserved for Nelson.

Blandford was much handsomer than his friend; but his beauty, like his character, was overbearing, and full of fire. The sentiments he had conceived for his charge favoured more of the affection of a father, than a lover: they consisted of attentions without complaisance, kindness without charms, a tender, but an anxious solicitude, and a desire of rendering her happy with him, rather than a desire of being happy with her.

Nelson, whose character was more engaging, had more softness in his features and language. His eyes especially, his eyes, spake the language of the soul. His look, the most piercing in the world,

seemed to penetrate to the bottom of the heart, and keep up a secret correspondence with it. His voice was like thunder when he defended the interests of his country, its laws, its honour, its liberties; but in familiar conversation it was sensible, affecting and full of charms. What rendered him still more interesting, was an air of modesty which was diffused all over his person. This man, who would have made a tyrant tremble at the head of his country, was in private life of a remarkable timidity; a single word of praise or applause made him blush.

Lady Juliette Aldbury, his sister, was a widow of great prudence, and of great humanity; but of that restless prudence which always anticipates misfortune, and instead of avoiding, hastens it. She was employed in consoling the young Indian.

"I have lost my second father," said the amiable girl to her. "I know nobody in the world but you and Nelson. I will love you, and do whatever you bid me."

As she was embracing Juliette, Nelson came in, and Corally rose with a smiling and angelic countenance, but still bedewed with tears.

"Well," said Nelson to his sister, "Have you endeavoured to give her some consolation?"—"Yes, I am comforted, I have nothing to complain of," said the young Indian, wiping her fine black eyes. Then seating Nelson on the side of his sister, and falling on her knees before them, she took their hands, put them in each other's, and pressing them gently between her own, "That's my mother," said she to Nelson, giving him a look which would have melted a statue of marble; but thou, Nelson, what wilt thou be to me?"—"I, Miest Your good friend."—"My good friend! That is

charming. Shall I likewise be your good friend? Pray do not give me any other name."—"Yes, my good friend, my dear Corally, your *naïvete* enchants me."—"Heavens!" said he to his sister; "what a sweet girl! She will make thy life happy."—"If she is not the unhappiness of thine," said his fore-sighted sister. Nelson gave her a disdainful smile. "No," said he, "love shall never dispute the sacred rites of friendship in my breast. Be easy, sister, and apply yourself without fear to cultivate so good an understanding. Blandford will be charmed with her, if she shall understand our language perfectly at his return, for you may discover in her some ideas, some shades of sentiment, which she cannot express. Her looks, her gestures, the features of her countenance, nay, every thing about her announce ingenious conceptions, which she cannot develop for want of words. That will be, sister, an amusement for thee and thou wilt see her understanding expand like a flower."—"Yes, brother, like a flower, which conceals its thorns."

Lady Aldbury gave lessons to her pupil with great assiduity; and the latter rendered them every day more interesting, by blending them with traits of sentiment, of a vivacity, and a delicacy, which are known only to simple nature. The discovery of a word, which discovers some of the sweetest affections of the soul, was a kind of triumph to her. She made the most simple and the most affecting applications of it. When Nelson came in, she fled to him, and repeated the lesson to him with a joy, a simplicity, which he thought then only amusing. Juliette alone saw the danger of it: and did her endeavour to obviate it.

She began to inform Corally, "that it was not polite to say thee and thou, and she ought to say you, if she were not speaking to a brother or sister. Corally begged her to explain the meaning of the word polite, and asked her what it was good for, if brothers and sisters had no need of it?"—She was told that it supplied the place of benevolence in the world. She concluded that it was no use to those who had an affection for each other. It was added that it shewed a desire of obliging and pleasing. She replied, that, "desire shewed itself without politeness, then making use, by example, of the little dog of Juliette, that would never leave her, and was always fond of her, she asked whether he were polite?" Juliette defended herself under the idea of deco-

rum, which she said did not give sanction to the unrestrained and immoderate behaviour of Corally towards Nelson: and the latter, who had some idea of jealousy, because the sentiment of it is innate, imagined that the sister was jealous of the civilities which her brother shewed her." "No," said she to her, "I will not make you uneasy any more. I love you, I obey you, and I will say you to Nelson."

He was surprised at this alteration in Corally's language, and remonstrated with Juliette on account of it. "The word you," said he, "does not please me from her mouth; it is not consistent with her native simplicity."—"It displeases me too," replied the fair Indian, "it has something so distant, so starch; whereas thou is so sweet, so tender, so engaging?"—"Dost thou hear that sister? She begins to understand our language."—"Alas! it is not that which makes me uneasy; with a soul like her's, we express ourselves but too well."—"Pray tell me," said Corally to Nelson, "from whence came the ridiculous custom of saying you, when speaking to a single person?"—"It is owing, child, to the pride and weakness of man; finding himself but little, when considered by himself, he endeavours to double and multiply himself in idea."—"Yes, I comprehend the folly of it, but thou, Nelson, hast vanity enough."—"Again!" interrupted Juliette, in a severe tone.—"Why, sister, do you chide her? Come, Corally, come to me."—"I forbid her."—"How cruel you are, is there any danger in her being with me! Do you suspect that I shall lay any snares for her? O leave her that native simplicity, leave her the amiable candour of her country and her age. Why should you tarnish the flower of innocent simplicity, more precious than virtue itself, and which our factitious manners find so much difficulty to supply? It appears to me that nature is afflicted when the idea of evil makes its way into the soul. Alas! it is a venomous plant which grows too much of itself, without our giving ourselves the trouble of sowing it?"

"What you observe is very fine to be sure; but when the evil exists, it is our duty to avoid it; and in order to avoid it, we must know it."

"Ah! my poor little Corally," said Nelson, "into what a world art thou transplanted! What kind of manners must these be, when one is obliged to

part with one half of our innocence to preserve the other half!"

In proportion as the young Indian increased her stock of moral ideas, she lost her gaiety and her native ingenuousness. Every new institution appeared to her a new fetter. "Another duty," said she, "another duty still! Another prohibition! My heart is enveloped with them, as it were with a net; they will soon render it motionless!" Corally easily conceived, that what was hurtful to society was criminal; but she could not comprehend how that which did harm to no one, should be pronounced hurtful.—"What can be a greater happiness to those who live together," said she, "than to meet each other with pleasure? And why should such a sweet pleasure be concealed? Is not pleasure a blessing? Why should the person be robbed of it, who causes it? Some pretend to have it with respect to those whom they do not love, and to have none with respect to those whom they do love! Some enemy to truth must have produced such manners!"

Reflections of this nature absorbed her in melancholy; and when Juliette reproached her on that account, "You know the cause of it," said she, "whatsoever is contrary to nature causes sorrow, and in your manners every thing is contrary to it."

Corally in her little peevishness had something so engaging, so affecting, that lady Aldbury accused herself of treating her with too much rigour. Her manner of consoling her, and restoring her to goodhumour was, by employing her in little services, and in commanding her as if she was her own child. The pleasure resulting from the thought of her being useful, flattered her much; she anticipated it by her foresight, but she would have wished to render the same services, and to have shown the same attention to Nelson as to Juliette, but the restraint she was under made her dejected. "The kind offices of servitude," said she, "are mean and low, because they are not voluntary; but when they are uncontrolled, they are by no means abject, friendship dignifies, it ennobles them. Fear not, my dear friend, that I shall suffer myself to be abased. Though I was very young when I left India, I know the dignity of the tribe of which I was born; and when your fine ladies and young lords came to examine me with so familiar a curiosity, their haughtiness made me exalt my soul, and I felt myself more



than their equal: but you and Nelson, who love me as if I were your own child, what can be humiliating to me here?"

Nelson himself was sometimes confused at the pains which she took. "You are then very proud in blushing that you have any occasion for my services? I am not so haughty as you, serve me and I shall esteem it an honor."

(to be continued)

For the Philadelphia Repository.

## COMMUNICATION.

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN I read, as I have lately done, many pieces, written on marriage, and find it is the opinion of so many, that although marriage is a divine institution, sanctioned by the almost universal practice of mankind, yet women are not formed to make us happy, I confess I am almost at a loss to determine whether I shall unite myself with one of these triflers, fiends, and lovers of dominion over their unfortunate husbands, as they are stiled, or not; yet sir, I think it argues no superior understanding in the advocates for celibacy, to write against marriage; or generosity, to lay the whole blame on the females, when they find some unhappy marriages; or delicacy, to cast (if they could) a stigma on their mothers, sisters, daughters, &c. for faults which few only have committed; or justice, to judge the whole sex, because some have erred, particularly as they are the weaker vessels: Should any man say a whole nation are robbers because he has suffered by the depredations of a few, this would be considered by every man of honor and justice as a most partial and unjust sentence; yet this is exactly the sentence which PROTEUS and others have passed on that sex to whom we owe our being, that sex who with pain and anxiety have watched over our feeble and helpless infancy, that sex to whose tenderness man owes most of the happiness he enjoys in this world, that sex who soothes us in the hours of pain, smooths for us the pillow of disease, and softens the pangs of dissolution.

It vexes me to the heart to see this, to see men make use of the art of writing in the cause of injustice, to see them whenever they discover an ill-starred couple united, search in the woman's character and conduct for the cause of the misery

they witness: That there are many females of such a character it is wholly impossible to live on good terms with them, I grant; but who can suppose there are none of a different character? For my own part, I believe there are, and that this class constitutes the greater part of the sex; on the other hand, is it to be supposed that men are all perfect? This I think no one will venture to assert:—Ought we not then to search in the character and conduct of men for the causes of unhappiness and discord in the married state? How many men treat their partners in the journey of life, with indecency, with injustice, with cruelty, and even wanton brutality! This is, most assuredly, too frequently the case; and, when we enquire into the character of these unfortunate wives, we frequently find it has been such as every worthy man would wish that of his wife to be.

Let those who write against marriage, pause, and reflect—let them enquire with care, listen candidly, and decide impartially, and I am much mistaken, if they do not find themselves erring in a most egregious manner; they will find, that where there are unhappy couples, it has as frequently been owing to an improper choice; in many instances the female has been selected for beauty or fortune only, without any regard to disposition, virtue, or solid accomplishments; on the other hand, females have selected their husbands from among mankind for similar causes; when such is the case can we wonder, that after the days of rapture are passed, each party should find they have been deceived? can we wonder that bickerings, jealousies and disgust should ensue, and that each consider other as the cause of their mutual misery?

I have seen some little of the world, I have been for years intimately acquainted with many families, I have seen them living in concord and affection with each, nor has this been confined to mere outward appearances, but under all circumstances; it has not been the mantle of peace and happiness concealing bosoms filled with hatred, discord and misery, but real, substantial bliss; nor are these instances rare. Further, when we find married people disputing with each on some subject, common to people of this description, we ought not to conclude (for this reason only) they are unhappy; slight disputes of this kind are no greater obstructions in the path of bliss, than pebbles are in the bed of a large river; there are many things which disturb the matri-

monial life, without causing any lasting disquiet, and who is there among my readers, who has not disagreed with his friends concerning trifles, without any injury to their friendship?

I have written hastily and from the impulse of the moment; I have therefore not written so much nor so well as the subject merits, yet I will make one more observation:—When death separates those whom marriage has united, we never find them, or at least but seldom, rejoicing in the change, but lamenting it; and in at least six cases out of ten, the survivor gladly returns to that state, where, according to some, he must before have experienced all the wretchedness, which disgust, bad conduct, ill-humor, vanity, and extravagance can produce.

ADELIO.

## THE PAINTER.

ONE of the most celebrated Artists of Athens, who painted less for money than for fame, shewed to a Connoisseur a portrait of Mars, and requested his judgment on it. The Connoisseur candidly declared that the painting was too much labored. The painter did not want reasons to justify his work. The Connoisseur, on his part, urged more potent arguments; but they did not convince the Artist.

A young blockhead arrives in the midst of the conversation, and fixes his eyes on the picture.—"Gods!" exclaimed he, at the first glance;—"what a chief d'œuvre!—How accurately these nails are painted!—What a beautiful helmet!—The whole is astonishingly finished!—It is Mars himself, alive!"

The painter was penetrated with shame; and, with a look of confusion said to the Connoisseur—"You are right.—I own myself vanquished,"—and with these words he threw the painting into the fire.

If your works do not please people of taste, it is a bad sign; but if besides this, they please blockheads, never let them go into the world.—Destroy them.

A WANTON gentlewoman reproached her brother with his passion for gaming, which she said, was the ruin of him: When will you leave off gaming? says she to him.—When you'll leave off coquetting. Oh! unhappy man, replies the sister, then you are like to game all your lifetime.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

*THE SCRIBLER.—No. VIII.*

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours;  
And ask them what report they bore to heav'n.  
*Young.*

A RETROSPECT of past life must, to different persons, afford very different sensations. As have been our past actions, so will be our reflections, whenever we look on those days which are gone for ever. Sometimes these sensations are pleasant, but are they not far more often of a disagreeable kind? Few, if any, after passing the meridian of life can look back with thorough satisfaction; and are there any who would chuse to live their days over again, were they to suffer the same troubles, and disappointments, to commit the same errors, and imprudences? The warmth of youth leads us into many unhappy situations, to do actions which have the appearance not only of imprudence, but even of criminality, and which sober reason reflects on with horror and astonishment, with shame, and remorse. When a man acts thus once, (whose principles are at bottom sound, who possesses an innate sense of honour) it serves him as a lesson for the rest of his life, it causes him to act with the greatest circumspection for the future; but still would he not shrink in age from the recollection of his youthful errors?

To him who is yet young, and according to the natural course of things, has yet long to live, if he has been imprudent, it will surely be in the highest degree beneficial to look back, for though it is an acute and painful retrospection, yet his former errors are far better to guard him against those that may yet come, than all the precepts of the good and virtuous, aided by their example: For it is found by experience fruitless to warn youth against falling into excess; the eager passions will not suffer it to listen to the experience of age; nothing but its own experience can warn it against evil.

Bishop PORTEUS thus beautifully describes the onset of youth:—

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,  
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,  
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course.  
Safe glides his little bark along the shore  
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far  
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark—  
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,  
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.  
Oh! sad but sure mischance—

It is the looking forward in life that gives pleasure far more frequently than the retrospect. Almost all the pleasures of life are enjoyed only by anticipation. A man beginning the world has certain ends to accomplish, which when attained are to make him happy, and he then proposes to sit down in quiet, but when those ends are attained, does he not find himself disappointed? When then he looks back, and sees how much he was mistaken in those expectations of happiness which he had formed; the retrospect is indeed highly painful. Yet it is enough to put him entirely out of conceit of the world! The prospect before us can alone give pleasure, that behind, it is true, may instruct us, it may wean our affections from the things of this world, it may prepare us for eternity; but the former only can fondly please us here.

If the recollection of any past pleasures comes across the mind, it gives it rather a sentiment of regret than happiness; for the comparing it with present circumstances makes us feel with great acuteness the difference of situation

“—Of joys departed, never to return!  
How painful the remembrance!—”

Yet after all is said, it is agreed by both the philosopher and moralist, that it is well “to look back,” especially for the man who has lived long. His story, has he lived in the busy world, will form a lesson for the instruction of those who are to follow; he can point out his errors and mistakes to his children, which, though they may not entirely avoid, yet they will generally leave some (though it may be faint) impression on their mind. P.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

*JUVENIS SERENUS.—No. VIII.*

O wealth, thy proper office 'tis to give  
Joy to the poor,—to bid the wretched live;  
But since perverted, thou'rt become the nurse  
Of misery, and man's ensnaring curse.

IT is obvious, from the natural desire men have for the accumulation of wealth, that it is an object which occupies much of their attention.—This, when governed by moderation, is commendable; when influenced by motives interesting to his family, it is worthy of the christian character. It is certainly the duty of man, by persevering industry, to endeavour for their support, to acquire such a state as shall enable

them to be comfortable. Man is placed in the situation of a steward; God, in his bountiful providence, gives him the good things of this life for distribution to those who may be in need; and it is his first duty to provide for his own family; but if he finds a surplus put into his hands, the man who looks to Heaven for direction, will draw this conclusion, that he is honored with the instrumentality of alleviating the distresses of those of his following beings, who are (in a direct manner) less blessed than himself; he will reflect with thankfulness on the peculiar honor to which he is in such case preferred, and shew his gratitude to heaven by his promptness to execute his office.

But what idea can we form of the man, who in direct opposition to every principle of benevolence, every precept of love, makes wealth his god, and seeks his happiness in glittering dust? It is an observation arising from an effect, the cause of which we cannot trace but from the instigation of infernal craft, that when gold becomes an object of love, the affections are so strongly fixed on the darling idol, it is beyond the power of human ingenuity to remove them thence; well might the poet express himself thus:—

—Let none admire  
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best  
Deserve the precious bane. —Milton.

How detestable does the miser appear in the eyes of every man who feels even the smallest spark of charity animate his heart—how grovelling must be his conceptions who, whilst he is drawing upon his head the curses of mankind, deprives himself of the means heaven has ordained to support life. I cannot believe that he whose heart is supremely set on the acquisition of this bubble, can ever know what even the shadow of joy is. His brows, wrinkled by care, frown enviously on the man whose liberal hand is stretched out for the relief of the indigent, and it agonizes his soul to dispense with the necessary mite which must be devoted to the preservation of his miserable existence. This I conceive to be idolatry of the most servile nature; his God obliges him to comply with all the rigid rules of self-denial, and in the end banishes him from its presence to the horrors of an impoverished mind.

Shall we view him after death has executed the stern mandate of that God to whom belongs the earth and the fulness thereof?—Shall we hear what he shall



any, or how appear when the righteous Judge shall require of him in what manner he hath improved the talent committed to his trust?—Shall we glance at the reward of his folly in the eternal world? Charity forbids.—We will here leave him in the hands of that God who will do no injustice to the souls which he has created: And let us look to ourselves that we be not like minded, but as our own happiness is intimately connected with that of our fellow-mortals, seek to acquire the sanction of a good conscience, which will be productive of those indescribable pleasures flowing from a consideration of performing acts of benevolence. SERENUS.

### DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

LOVE is like the devil, because it torments us; like heaven, because it raps the soul in bliss; like salt, because it is relishing; like pepper, because it often sets one on fire; like sugar, because it is sweet; like a rope, because it is often the death of a man; like a prison, because it makes one miserable; like wine, because it makes us happy; like a man, because it is here to day and gone to-morrow; like a woman, because there is no getting rid of it; like a beacon, because it guides one to the wished for port; like a will o'th'wisp, because it often leads one into a bog; like a fierce courser, because it often runs away with one; like a little poney, because it ambles nicely with one; like the bite of a mad dog, or like the kiss of a pretty woman, because they both make a man run mad; like a goose, because it is silly; like a rabbit, because there is nothing like it. In a word, it is like a ghost, because it is like every thing, and like nothing; often talked about, but never seen, touched, or understood.

### PIGMALION AND THE STATUE.

ONE of the most favourite subjects among the ancient artists was the fable of Pigmalion, which furnished ample employment for sculptors, painters, and poets. This hero, being shocked at the licentious conduct of the women of the age in which he flourished, became possessed of such an antipathy to the sex, that he shunned their society, and determined never to enter into the marriage-state. How he employed himself in his solitude is thus elegantly described by the Roman poet:

He fearing idleness, the nurse of ill,  
In sculpture exercis'd his happy skill;  
And carv'd, in iv'ry, such a maid, so fair,  
As Nature could not with his art compare,  
Were she to work; but in her own defence  
Must take her pattern here, and copy hence.  
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,  
Adores; and last, the fair he form'd, desires.  
A very virgin in her face was seen,  
And, had she mov'd, a living maid had been:  
One would have thought she could have stir'd, but  
strove

With modesty, and was asham'd to move.  
Art, hid with art, so well perform'd the cheat,  
It caught the carver with his own deceit;  
He knows 'tis madness, yet he must adore,  
And still, the more he knows it, love the more.  
The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,  
Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft.  
Fir'd with this thought, at once he strain'd the  
breast,

And on the lips a burning kiss impress'd.  
Th' unfeeling breast, alas! receiv'd no bliss,  
And the cold lips return'd no melting kiss.  
But when, retiring back, he look'd again,  
To think it iv'ry was a thought too mean;  
So would believe she kiss'd, and courting more,  
Again embrac'd the lovely image o'er;  
Explor'd her limb by limb, and fear'd to find  
So rude a grasp had left a mark behind.—

He, in short, became so enamoured of his beautiful production, that he furnished an apartment for it in the most elegant manner, and adorned it with the richest silks and the most valuable Oriental jewels. On the feast of Venus, which happened soon after, he proceeded to the temple of that goddess, possessed with the flattering idea, that the queen of love would animate the image he adored:

With humble off'rings first approach'd the shrine,  
And then with prayers implor'd the powers divine.  
Almighty gods! If all we mortals want,  
If all we can require, be yours to grant,  
Make this fair statue mine—he would have  
said,

But chang'd his words for shame, and only pray'd  
To have the likeness of his fancied maid.  
The golden goddess, present at the pray'r,  
Well knew he meant th' inanimated fair,  
And gave the sign of granting his desire;  
For thrice in cheerful flames ascends the fire.

Happy in the hope that the Cyprian goddess smiled upon his solicitations, he returned to his habitation, where he renews his embraces, and feels his bosom, (continues the poet,) glow with increasing rapture:

He kisses her white lips, repeats the bliss,  
And looks and thinks they redder at the kiss;  
His pleasing task he fails not to renew,  
More soft at every touch the model grew,  
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce  
The ductile mass to form and frame for use.  
He would believe, but yet is still in pain,  
And tries his argument of sense again,  
Presses the pulse, and feels the leaping vein.  
Convinc'd, o'erjoy'd, his study'd thanks and praise  
To her, who made the miracles, he pays;  
Then, lip to lip applying, found sincere  
Each answering touch, and no delusion there;  
The virgin started at the fond alarm,  
While instant blushes lighted ev'ry charm;

And, wak'd to rapture, as she op'd her eyes,  
The light and lover struck her with surprise!

After enjoying the utmost felicity with his new bride, Venus, (concludes the fabulist,) crowned their bliss with a lovely boy called Paphos, who eminently distinguished himself by his heroic exploits, and founded the city of that name.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

### COMMUNICATION,—VI.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

HAVING, in my last number, sufficiently elucidated the "happiness" of matrimony; in order to avoid the imputation of partiality, I will, in turn, set forth the "miseries" of celibacy. With this view, I entered the house of Mr. R—, a noted bachelor, highly esteemed for his many virtues, among which that of charity shines brilliantly. When I introduced myself into his presence, he was sitting in his library perusing a book from the title of which ("*Mulieres sunt inconstantes*") you may conclude the author could not fail to have an inexhaustible fund of examples, consequently a treatise very congenial with the ideas of one of this sect.

Scarcely had I entered the room, when a loud knock at the door interrupted him, immediately it opened and discovered an aged mendicant, whom a servant was showing to his master's apartment. I was much surprised at the fellow's audacity in introducing any person, especially one of that degree, without having previously obtained permission; but I afterwards understood that all the servants had orders to deny admittance to no poor persons, who really appeared as objects of charity.

The man wiped the tear of unfeigned sorrow from his pallid cheek as he entered, and humbly requested a few pence to satisfy the craving appetite of his children. Mr. R—, desired him to sit down, saying—"Old gentleman, your dejected countenance declares you to be the prey of sorrow, and beneath that clouded brow misery seems to have fixed its seat, could I, without renewing your grief, hear the causes which have produced these dreadful effects, there is some hope of rescuing you from your present griefs." The poor man, sighing,

"On the inconstancy of women."

thus replied "Kind sir, little expecting one who would sympathise with me, my tale has been hitherto concealed; though it may be out of your power to relieve, yet by imparting it I shall unburthen my mind of a load which has long oppressed it.—My father was a wealthy inhabitant of —, from several of his children he chose me for his favourite; though the excessive affection he had for me, did not in the least prohibit him from correcting, when he thought my conduct merited it. Had it not been for my mother, I verily believe, without boasting, that I should have been accounted the pride of the family. But unfortunately she bestowed her maternal caresses upon another son, who was indulged in every thing. Never did my father dare reprimand, much less whip him without experiencing the lash of his wife's tongue, although she would suffer me to receive a severe flogging without once interposing; on the contrary, enjoy my punishment with as much satisfaction, as a Cannibal would that of a human creature roasting for his dinner. My parents thus situated in regard to each other, passed many disagreeable hours together. However, not to be troublesome with a detail of particulars, my mother prevailed on him by her infamous falsehoods to discard me. Banished from a father's house, I had recourse to my education, on which depended my sustenance; by this I acquired a considerable fortune: Marriage then occurred to me; the idea of a virtuous and handsome female to spend the remainder of my days with, encouraged me in my premature undertaking. My wife at first was extremely attentive and complaisant, but she soon appeared in her real colours, engaged large parties at my expense—'o be brief, she ruined me, soon after yielded to nature, and left me with children, without means of providing for them; my age disables me from working, and having been recommended to your benevolence, in it I confide.

Mr. R— putting a sum of money into his hand, which, he said, was to relieve his present wants: then added—that he knew frailty could not easily resist the temptations of the present females, whenever I see a lady with her breasts exposed to attract the attention of beaux, or her elbows uncovered that she may shew the shape of them; I am convinced that she is vain, immodest, and unfit for the company of any but ill-bred fops. The pauper heartily concurred

with him in opinion, and left the house with tears of joy flowing from his eyes: And I hastened to inform you of this adventure.

Yours, &c.

PROTEUS.

### THE HAT.

THE first man who was struck with the idea of wearing a hat on his head, wore a white one, and it really became him very well: He looked vastly more manly than when he wore a cap.

The authors of the finest discoveries are not all more immortal than other people: So this man died and left his round hat to his nearest relation.

The nearest relation was puzzled how to take hold of this famous hat, so he judged it better to cock up the two sides in the shape of an *Italian gondola*. This was a happy thought; the invention did him honor. The neighbours said one to another, "*now there is some grace, some elegance in this; that umbrella hat was a clumsy kind of head dress, compared to this.*"

The second man died, however, as the former had, and left the *gondola hat* to his heir. The new possessor refined upon the matter. He boldly cocked up the three sides, clapped his hat on his head, and marched into public. People were in an ecstasy of wonder and applause. There was no end of their acclamations: "*What a singular trait of genius! what a happy force of imagination! this was just what the hat wanted, to become one of the most charming things in the world.*" "*Look how it fits,*" said one; "*see, how it becomes him,*" said another.

This fine genius, however, died, and left the *three cornered hat* to his heir. He received it with disdain; for it was now dirty and spotted in many places. But reflecting that these defects might be remedied, he at once got it dyed black. "*Bless us!*" cried the mob, as soon as they espied it, "*How happens that not to have been thought of before!—A black hat, that is certainly the thing! a black hat! a black hat for ever!!!*"

This happy idea went near to immortalize the name of its author, but could not prolong his life. The black hat, in short, devolved to another.

It was, to be sure, somewhat the worse for wear, a little out of shape, a little ragged at the edges; but you will observe it had served four masters. However, its owner found means, in his

turn, to signalize his industry. He had it clapped on the block, dressed with hot brushes, pared round the rim, and ornamented with a silk edging of black ribbon. Well, thus accoutred, out sallies my friend, not a little pleased with himself. Every body leaves his house. The whole town flocks round him, and the throng becomes so violent that he is near stifled. "*Good luck! what is that? Is there magic in the thing? Yesterday it was an old hat: to day it is a new hat! It was certainly reserved to the present age to possess such astonishing ingenuity, such depth of resource, such perspicuity of penetration!*"

The inventor of the *furbished hat*, nevertheless, died and left it to a sixth proprietor.

The very first thing he did, was to tear off the ribbon binding, and to substitute a lace with a button on the left cock; this ornament was extolled to the skies, and the five former possessors of the hat were all fools, compared with the present. This was the only man of true genius. "*What is a hat without a lace to it!*"

But there came afterwards owners of the hat who were preferred even to him. It changed its master twenty times; and changed its form and its ornaments, without changing the least of its substance and quality. In that, what happened to the HAT, has happened, precisely, to PHILOSOPHY.

### ANECDOTE.

AN emigrant lady had retired with her child to Augsburg, where she believed the French would never arrive to trouble her. She was however, mistaken, and became distracted with fear. Thinking only on the safety of her infant, and taking it in her arms, as her only treasure, leaving all her valuables behind, she rushed forth; but in her delirium mistook the gate, and, instead of finding shelter in the camp of the Austrians, she fell into the hands of the French outposts. As soon as she discovered her mistake, she fainted away. The attentions and humanity of the soldiers could not revive her; successive fits of fainting rapidly followed each other. On being informed of this event, the general kindly ordered her a safe conduct in the town where she meant to have withdrawn. Unfortunately, her infant was forgotten, and the unhappy mother, to the agitation of her mind, did not perceive it. A grenadier, however, took care of



Philadelphia, April 7, 1804.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. SCOTT,

IN looking over a file of your Repositories, I was surprised at seeing a communication by Z, (page 84) in which the author appears highly offended at a particular part of an exhibition by Mr. NEAL's scholars, wherein dancing was represented as detached from that species of study which is denominated literature, and which, in my opinion, means no less than the improvement of the mind; how dancing, or (to use the curious expression of this adept in science) "dancing-schools" can have any thing to do in this matter, I am at a loss to determine. However, my intention is not, at this time, to discuss the merits of this new kind of literature, but rather to express my own wish, with many others, of seeing the dialogue alluded to by Z, published in your paper, I hope if Mr. NEAL has it in his possession he will so far gratify the friends to useful knowledge, as to cause its insertion.

Y.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. SCOTT,

IN the poetic page of your Repository for last Saturday, I was much pleased by observing a piece on *Morning*: The manner in which it is written, appears to me, truly original; it is a species of composition which cannot fail to interest the reader of taste, whilst it affords a specimen of fine writing, truly poetic. It is my sincere wish the author would write often, that the readers of the Repository may have frequent opportunities of feasting at the full board of Nature's sweets, spread by the genius of ADELIO.

PHILO-ADELIO.

**MARRIED**—On Sunday evening, 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Carr, Mr. Edward Hudson, to Miss Biddy Byrne, daughter of Mr. Patrick Byrne, book-seller, all of this city.

— On Tuesday evening, 3d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Horace Binney, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth Cox, daughter of the late Col. John Cox, of this city.

— Lately in England, a Mr. Mason to a Miss Carpenter, "An excellent partnership for attempting to build a family house."

**DIED**—On Saturday 31st ult. Mr. John Pinkerton, sen. merchant of this city.

To Correspondents.

'A Journey to Philadelphia; or, Memoirs of Charles Coleman Saunders,' an original tale, by ADELIO, is received with that pleasure by the Editor, which he doubts not its insertion will give to his readers.

Peter's 'Prayer to Friendship,' shall be inserted next week.

Philo's 'Glove'—will fit none of the Aonian maids. Alitbean 'To certain Scriblers'—came too late for insertion this week.

Several other communications received, shall be noticed according to their merits.

Communications of *Marriages*, thro' the letter-box, cannot be attended to by the Editor.

**ERRATA**.—In the piece on *MORNING*, in the poetic page of last Saturday's Repository.

Line 8th, for *plains* read *plain*.

— 24th for *voice* read *voices*.

— last, for *glow* read *glows*.

the child; he learnt where the mother had been conducted; but not being able to carry immediately this little treasure to its parent, he caused a leathern bag to be made, in which he placed the child, and always carried it before him. His comrades often rallied him; nevertheless he fought, and never abandoned the infant. Whenever he was called upon to encounter the enemy, he dug a hole in the ground, in which he placed the infant, and after the battle, returned for it. At length an armistice was concluded. The grenadier collected some money among his comrades, to the amount of twenty five louis (twenty pounds sterling,) which he placed in the pocket of the child, and carried it to its mother. The joy of the latter had nearly been attended with the same fatal consequences as her former fears. In a short time, however, she revived, to pour forth blessings on the saviour of her child.

FABLE—By Linnaeus.

THE seven wise men of Greece were once met together at Athens, and it was proposed that every one of them should mention what he thought the greatest wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the rest, proposed the opinion of some of the astronomers about the fixed stars, which they believed to be so many suns, that had each their planets rolling about them, and were stored with plants and animals, like this earth. Fired with this thought, they agreed to supplicate Jupiter, that he would at least permit them to take a journey to the moon, and stay there three days, in order to see the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter consented, and ordered them to assemble on a high mountain, where there should be a cloud ready to convey them to the place they desired to see. They picked out some chosen companions, who might assist them in describing and painting the objects they should meet with. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there well fitted up for their reception. The next day, being very much fatigued with their journey, they kept quiet at home till noon, and being still faint, they refreshed themselves with a most delicious entertainment, which they relished so well, that it overcame their curiosity. This day they only saw through the windows that delightful spot, adorned with the most beautiful flowers,

to which the beams of the sun gave an uncommon lustre, and heard the singing of the most melodious birds, till evening came on. The next day they rose early, in order to begin their observations, but some very beautiful young ladies of that country, coming to make them a visit, advised them to recruit their strength before they exposed themselves to the laborious task they were about to undertake.

The delicate meats, the rich wines, the beauty of these damsels, prevailed over the resolution of these strangers. A fine concert of music is introduced, the young ones began to dance, and all is turned to jollity; so that this whole day was spent in gallantry, till some of the neighbouring inhabitants growing envious at their mirth, rushed in with swords. The elder part of the company tried to appease the younger, promising the very next day they would bring the rioters to justice. This they performed, and the third day the cause was heard, and what with accusations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itself, the whole day was taken up, on which the term set by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them to hear the wonders of the moon described, but all they could tell was—they knew no more than—that the ground was covered with green, intermixed with flowers, and that the birds sung among the branches of the trees; but what kinds of flowers they saw, or what kinds of birds they heard, they could not relate. Upon this they were treated every where with contempt.

If we apply this fable to men of the present age, we shall perceive a very just similitude. By those three days the fable denotes the three ages of man. First, youth: in which we are too feeble in every respect to look into the works of the Creator: all that season is given up to idleness, luxury, and pastime. Secondly, manhood: in which men are employed in settling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and raising a family. Thirdly, old age: in which, after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with lawsuits, and proceedings relating to their estates. Thus it frequently happens that men never consider to what end they were destined, and why they were brought into the world.

MANY men mistake the love for the practice of Virtue.

## Temple of the Muses.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

### TO MISS MIRA COQUETTE.

OH, lovely *Mira*, mistress of my heart,  
How could you be so cruel and unkind?  
How could you act so treacherous a part,  
T'ward one who bore you always in his mind?

When I to you my first advances made,  
And first began to act the lover's part;  
Polite attention then to me you paid,  
And did your utmost to engage my heart.

So brilliantly you did your charms display,  
Was so polite, affectionate and kind;  
In spite of all philosophy could say,  
You made yourself the mistress of my mind.

But when you found you had my heart ensnar'd,  
And my affections fix'd on you alone;  
Your kind politeness quickly disappear'd;  
And was succeeded by a haughty tone.

With cold indifference you did me receive,  
I found that I was treated with neglect;  
I saw the fact, but scarcely could believe,  
That you my suit intended to reject.

Remembering the pledges you had given,  
And all the vows which you to me had made,  
I thought you could not be so false to heaven,  
As thus your solemn promise to evade.

But I have since discover'd my mistake,  
And found that all you wanted to obtain,  
Was first a conquest o'er my heart to make,  
And then to laugh, and treat me with disdain.

This you have done, and thus have treated me,  
To satiate a false malicious pride;  
'To plunge me deep in love and misery,  
And then that love and misery deride.

Your promises I willingly believ'd;  
But you have now my confidence betray'd;  
You laugh at me because I was deceiv'd;  
And glory in the conquest you have made.

To you it may some transient bliss impart,  
And gratify your vanity and spite;  
But oh, how vile must be that woman's heart  
Who can in such base treachery delight.

And must I be constrain'd to love you still?  
What strange emotions in my bosom rise!  
I am obliged, contrary to my will,  
To love a girl whose conduct I despise.

Adieu! Miss *Mira*, since it must be so,  
And I must still a slave to love remain;  
Since you on me your charms will not bestow,  
And I those charms must ne'er behold again.

STEPHEN LOVELORN.

### LOVE.

Translated from the Greek.

JUST like to love is yonder rose,  
Heavenly fragrance round, it throws,  
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose—  
It in the midst of briars blows,  
Just like love.

When cull'd to bloom upon the breast,  
Since pointed thorns the stem invest,  
They must be gather'd with the rest,  
And with it to the heart impress'd,  
Just like love.

When rude hands the twin-buds sever,  
They will die—and blossom—never,  
Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,  
Just like love.

### THE 23d CHAP. OF 1 CORINTHIANS, PARAPHRASED.

*Quod ergo nos leto restituit,  
Non Dei Cognitio est, sed AMOR.  
Mar. Ficinus, Vol. II. p. 296.*

HAD Heav'n's all-bounteous hand supremely good,  
On thee the noble gifts of speech bestow'd;  
Had Harmony itself thy organs strung,  
Or could'st thou charm us with an angel's tongue:  
If heavenly Love be wanting, thou art found  
Like tinkling brass, but noise and empty sound.

Did all the God thy kindling soul inspire,  
Or wert thou full of the prophetic fire;  
Con'dst thou pervade Futurity's dark gloom,  
And read th' events in Time's capacious womb;  
Within thy breast had Science fix'd her throne,  
And was all knowledge thine, and thine alone;  
Could thy strong Faith aspiring mountains shake,  
And bid the pillars of Creation quake;  
Yet did not Love thro' all thy actions reign,  
Thy gifts, thy knowledge, and thy faith were vain.

Should'st thou with liberal hand give all thy store  
To feed the hungry, clothe the naked poor;  
Or give thy body to the conquering flame,  
In hopes to gain a Martyr's glorious name;  
Without the flame of Love, in vain thy zeal,  
Thy charity, thy sacrifice would fail.

Love, like the dew, that from bright heaven descends,  
To all her god-like attributes extends;

From envy free, that canker of the mind,  
Long-suffering, tender, amiable and kind;  
Vaunts not, nor idly swells with vain conceit,  
In merit more than in opinion great;  
Is bias'd by no interested views,  
More than her own, her neighbour's good pursues  
Patient of injuries, her lovely eye  
Winks at abuse, and passes anger by;  
And when a cause in Reason's court is try'd,  
Still judgeth on the favorable side.  
Averse from guile, and easy to believe,  
She dares not think another can deceive;  
She hopes the best, nor hastily infers  
That Man is lost because his judgment errs.  
Such virtue her's, as cannot but endure  
When Time and mortal things shall be no more.  
When the Prophetic Fire shall cease to warm,  
And Eloquence have lost her pow'r to charm;  
When Knowledge, like the lightning's sudden glare,  
Soon disappears, and vanishes in air:  
Then Love shall scatter wide her golden rays,  
And shine thro' an eternal round of days.  
Wrapt in a veil of flesh, the immortal Soul  
Sees but a part of the stupendous whole;  
'Tis when the spark divine betakes her flight  
To worlds of bliss, and mansions of delight,  
That Knowledge beaming from th' Eternal Throne,  
Shall make all Nature and all Grace her own,  
Love reigns supreme o'er every other grace,  
While Faith and Hope maintain the second place:  
These do but show the way and point the road;  
Love brings us home, and joins us to our God.

From the Weekly Visitor.

### LINES,

Addressed to a young lady on seeing her weep in church.

DEAR J\*\*\*, if with the morning sun,  
No cheering ray of hope appears,  
And when its joyless course is run,  
The pensive evening comes in tears—  
And mem'ry, still in sorrow's aid,  
Will bring—while sad we waste our prime,  
The dear lamented—past—pourtray'd  
The shadow of departed time.  
Ah, then, reflect, these hours we mourn,  
Which nought on earth can e'er restore,  
Will, wing'd with gladness, soon return  
An interest on a happier shore.

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